
ON THE
Universally Lamented
DEATH
Of the Incomparable
DR. SHORT.

23. Oct. 1685.

A Pindarick Elegy.

Stanza I.

AH! What avails it to be *Wise* and *Good*!
Great *Merit* with it's own *Weight* falls :
Soon as Diffusive grown, and Understood,
It straight from *Hell* pale *Envie* calls.
Envie, whose squinting Eye
Sees Faults, when only' it self does look awry.

Yet it no *Mortal* was, nor could it be
Any on Earth, *Best* **SHORT**, could envy Thee.
Thou all th' *Attractives* hadst, which use t'affect
With dearest Love, and win profound Respect ;
And, Friend to All, no Enemy could't suspect.

old

A

'Twas

'Twas none but *Death*, and Mankind's Foe that envy'd *Thee*:
Death, from whose gaping Jaws thou hadst redeem'd
 Such Multitudes, that Thin his Empire seem'd.
 Enrag'd at this, the Lean-chapt Monster bent
 His Course to *Hell*, whose gloomy Vales descent
 Borders upon his Realm, the *Grave* ;
 Of the Black Tyrant Audience to crave.
 Upon his Hairless Scalp a Wigg he wore
 Of Worms, that gap't dead Bodies to devour.
 A plaguy Vapour, grateful to the *Stygian King*,
 (For Holy-day suit) about his Bones did cling ;
 And in his Hand a chosen Dart, as sharp as *Adders* Sting.
 Arriv'd ; his rattling Grinders silence broke,
 And, from his grinning Mouth, thus chattering spoke.

I I.

'Twas half in vain your witty Art did cheat
Adam, the Death-deriving Fruit to Eat ;
 Unless your Victory you maintain,
 Sly Mankind will at length his points regain.
 Neer *Thamesis*'s rich Banks are pack't * a Crew,
 Who strive your noble Spite with *Art* t'out-do.
 Our common Grievance, *Health*, they, at command,
 Preserve, restore, with seldom-missing Hand.
Diseases, our best Servants, which we send
 To bring curst Mankind to his End,
 They at their Pleasure, as their Game, do kill ;
 And Torture them with Hell-affronting Skill.
 Among the rest, there's one; who, not content
 With old Arts, strange new Methods does invent
 To Save the dwindling Slaves : Oft my wide Jaw
 Has he left *Tantaliz'd*, Hungry my yearning Maw.
 By such large Steps his *Art* does climb,
 And mingles *Natural Causes* so,
 That in short time

* The Col-
ledge of
Physicians]

His Skill to Miracle may grow.

E're long Hee'll cancel, at this rate,
The Adamantine Book of Fate.

The very Sound of SHORT to Us
Is ominous.

So many of that Name,
By crossing Us, have won great Fame,
The Ayr that Echoes Him's Infectious.

Who knows but his contriving Mind,
Some Proxy to the Tree of Life may find ?

Then Woe to Death, and Woe to Hell ;
'Twere better Man had never fell.
Alone I dare not him attacque,
Unless Your self my oft-foil'd Courage back.
Then speak, Great Pluto, and your Counsel lend,
To bring our Master-Foe t'a sudden End.

III.

Highly concern'd at this complaining Speech

Of Death, his eldest Son ;

Whom, in Time's Non-age, he begot
Upon the first damn'd Hellish-Plot ;
Th'Infernal Tyrant did his Phang out-reach,

To shake him by his Hand of Bone ;
And thus, in Breath of Brimstone-Flame, begun :

It must, it must be done.

Dip thy keen Arrow in Cocytus Flood ;
Dip't deep, and from the bottom stirr th' envenom'd Mudd ;
Then (see thou miss not) shoot just at his Heart

The trebly-poison'd Dart :

This will elude all Help of Art.

He dipt it, and the Iro'n straight Rusty grew ;
Yet burnt with Fire that's Blew.

Then, from his Augur-holes, Death took unerring aym,
And struck his Heart with the Malignant Flame.

SHORT felt the Stroke; and straight fore-told his Friend,
 The Wound was Mortal, and would cause his End.
 Ah! too-true Prophet! Thy Prognostick Skill
 That seldom fail'd, in thy own Death was Undeceived still;

I V.

When of his dangerous Sickness the News spread,
 Each Hearer lookt like one half-Dead.
 As, when a General's Mortal wound is told,
 The Courage of the Army straight grows cold;
 So the damp't Hearts of all his Patients fell :
 (And who was not, or would not be
 Related to his still-successful Skill?)
 And thought themselves in Danger well as He.

Each one did know
 How much to Him their Health and Life they owe,

His Brother-Sons-of-Art

In his Recovery strove to have some part.
 Above the rest, Great BROWN (the double Heir
 Of Norwich-Oracle; and Learned TERN)
 No Watching, no Sollicitude did spare,
 To do his Utmost in this dear Concern.

Had Fate been willing too,
 His Skill things half-impossible could do.
 He could all Rubbs, but Destiny, controwl :
 No wonder; SHORT and He had but one Soul.
 But Art, by Friendship heighten'd, was too weak
 Of Causes the Firm-linked Chain to break.

The deeply-coucht Malignant Ill
 From its close Ambush mockt all Skill.
 Valour it self did never know
 How to Subdue an *unseen* Foe.

The venomous Taint soon Conquer'd every part;
 By seizing first the vigorous Nerves, and, next, Life's Seat, the
 (Heart.)

V. But

V.

But Great-Soul'd. SHORT, while busy They
 Their Sublunary *Art* assay,
 A Wiser and a Nobler *Game* did play,
 Though losing Breath,
 To Conquer *Death*.

He knew the utmost of his Spite
 Could onely Useless make, or dis-unite,
 Those Strings which make the *Puppet-Body* move;
 Or marr the Chymistry of the *Blood*,
 Hind'ring its Purple Flood
 In winding Channels round about to rove:
 And free the *Wing'd* Inhabitant from its bony *Cage*,
 The *World-Coequal Soul's* strait *Hermitage*.

Whence, with a Mind
 To *Heaven's* dread Will resign'd,
 He fixt his Eagle-Eye
 On Joyes Serene of Blest *Eternity*.
 As one who Soars on high
 Sees the *Earth* lessen, and more large the *Sky*;
 His Love-exalted Mind did deem
 All that's found here,
 In this dull *Sub-Celestial Sphere*,
 A worthless *Point*, while Heaven still a *Vaster Good* did seem.

No Dread his well-assured Soul could shake:

Nor Death, weak *Fears* awake.

He ever meant too-well

To Tremble at the thought of Hell,

Where nought but Ill *Intentions* dwell.

Thus He his Art's false Scandal did efface,

Pretending *Nature's* Study stifles *Grace*.

V I.

Soon as the precious Compound was dissolv'd;
 And never-more-unwilling *Fame*,
 In Accents sad, broken with Sighs and Tears,
 (Shewing *Despair* had swallow'd our late *Fears*)
 Had told the same ;
 Each pensive Breast revolv'd,
 How dear his *Death* would cost
 Its private self, how much the Publick lost.
 Our Chief *Nobility*, whom Experience did assure
 Their *Health* was Safe under His skillful *Cure*,
 At their Irreparable Damage griev'd,
 Never to be retriev'd.
 Our choycest *Witts* with Sadness *Dull* were grown,
 Robb'd of his *Sweet-quick* Conversation.
 All that e're in their Breasts the Noble Flame
 of Virtuous *Friendship* cherisht, felt the same.
 All States and Sorts in his *Death* bore a part ;
 The *Colledge* lost its *Eye*, the Rest lost half their *Heart*.
 But no one felt so much as he,
 Who, **Sick** in Head and Mind, scribbles this Elegy.
 Pardon, His dearest Consort : None can count
 How much thy **Grief** did all the rest surmount.
 Conjugal *LOVE*, endear'd by long Converse,
 Did all his Charms impress
 With such a force and frequency,
 That none could *Love*, nor any *Grieve* like Thee.
 Onely well-grounded *HOPE* of His *Blest State*
 Could thy Sad *Agonies* abate.
 Thy *Breath* had sure expired with His *Life*,
 Had not the *Christian* overcome the *Wife*.

VII.

Nor was't a wonder He
 Was thus Lamented *Universally* ;
 Himself all *Wonder* was : His Soul did teem
 With all those Excellencies that breed a vast Esteem.

Intentions, so sincerely-*True*,
 Crafty *Design* He ne're so much as *knew*.
 So free from all *Sinister* Ends,
 He oft o're-spent Himself to serve *unspending* Friends.
 His Reason no blind *Prejudice* could sway ;
 No *Interest* bribe, no *Vanity* lead astray.

A *Wit* so quick, that all He said
 Seem'd not *Invented*, but *Fore-laid*.
 When *Greece* at wisest was, had He liv'd then,
 His Speeches all choice *Apophthegms* had been.
 His *Thoughts* flew *Swift* as Light'ning ; and as *Clear*
 His Native *Elegancies* were ;

No *Art* with his *Ex-tempores* could compare.
 So *piercing*, they all Rubbs as easily could pass,

As Sun-Beams glide through Glass.

So *present*, at first Call they *Ready* were,
 Needing no *Plodding* Summons to Appear.

They all kept watch and ward,
 And stood upon their guard,
 In Reason's posture *Rang'd* still and prepar'd.
 His *Steady* Judgment with *Quick* Wit miraculously was mixt ;
 His *Thoughts* at once were *Swiftly-moving*, and yet *Firmly fixt*.

So truly-*Faithful* He, that his *Large* Heart
 Could afford thousand Friends a *Solid* part.

And, as Philosophers say the Soul
 Is in each Member still *Intirely-Whole* ;
 So He to every Friend did his *Whole* Soul divide ;
Intire to each, and yet not *Multiply'd*.

VIII.

Pure Merit, and not Partial Praise,
 Nor an odd hit of Chance,
 Did SHORT to this high Honour raise,
 Or His best-built Esteem advance.
 His Ayr so Modest was, it Praise provok't ;
 All did Allow His Worth, and the best Judgers Spoke't.
 Malice it self could never so Ill-natur'd be
 To pique at such Fair Ingenuity.
 Nor did's Unboasted CHARITY lagg behind ;
 His Will was full as Large to do Good, as to know, His Mind.
 To th' Poor, He gratis all Assistance gave ;
 Money to Feed, as well as Skill to Save.
 And when the Great Sham-Popish-Plot
 Threw Innocents in Jayl, to starve, or rot,
 His Profuse Charity dealt, unseen, largess to All ;
 Each Prison was His Hospital.
 Go, happy Soul ! Enjoy thy Rich Reward ;
 Tho' from Impoverish't Us ill-spar'd.
 From thy Empyreal Truth-enlighten'd Sphere
 Influence our Imitation here.
 And, while Essential Being it's full Beams displayes,
 And guilds thee with it's Glorious Rays,
 Wee'll preserve Dear th' Idea Thou hast left behind,
 The Relique of thy Best-accomplish't Mind,
 Where Solid WIT, and Knowing VIRTUE liv'd enshrin'd.

Flevit

Licensed, Octob. 6th. 1685. }
 Ro. L'Estrange. }

Philophilus.

